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VOI. XVI. NO. 309.

PADUCAH, KY., MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1904.

10 CENTS PER COPY

JAPANESE WILL PUT 500,000 IN THE FIELD

Enormous Military Preparations Being Made at Tokio.

Tokio, Dec. 26.—Tokio is again a great military camp, and the scenes of last spring, when the first armies were mobilizing and dispatched, are being duplicated. Thousands of recruits and reservists have assembled, drilling and equipping preparatory to taking the field.

The permanent and temporary barracks are filled, and it is necessary to billet soldiers brought to the city. Aoyama field is the center of activity, where infantry, cavalry and artillery are constantly drilling. There are batteries for blank charges for the purpose of breaking new horses. The general military preparations are enormous.

It is planned to give Field Marshal Oyama a rough total of half million men, besides providing defense for Formosa and southern islands in anticipation of the second Pacific squadron's attempt to seize a base.

The port of Kelung, Formosa, has been declared in a state of siege.

Work on other positions in Formosa and Pescadores is progressing.

Jap Attacks Successful.

Tokio, Dec. 26.—The following report was received from the besiegers at Port Arthur:

"The body of our right wing surprised the enemy at Housanyantun and Sisoantun (the latter six and one half miles northwest of Port Arthur) at 10 o'clock Thursday night, occupied the villages and, subsequently dislodged the enemy, occupied the whole of Taluxhintun (five miles northwest of Port Arthur) at 2:55 this morning.

"Our repeated attacks during the past few days have been uniformly successful, and now the whole of the enemy's advanced positions fronting our right wing is in our hands."

Artillery Fire Heard.

Pusan, Dec. 26.—The usual Russian artillery fire against the Japanese left center has been heard the past three days. According to reports received the Japanese suffered no damage from the fire.

The usual time. It is probable that at the meeting the talk-of visit of Mrs. Carrie Nation will be discussed and possibly acted on.

The business social of the Young People's Society will be held tonight at A. Hovenden's, on South Fifth street.

The deacons will hold their monthly meeting at the manse on Tuesday night, and the report for the year will be submitted.

FOUR MEN SUFFOCATED.
Philadelphia, Dec. 26.—Four men were suffocated in a room at a boarding house, owned by Charles McCusker, James O. Merry, Joseph McGill, died in a trap made by themselves. Against the wishes and knowledge of the boarding house keeper the men took a quantity of whiskey to a room and placed the bed against the door to prevent interference. After the men had retired a lighted candle fell from the mantel on the greasy work-log clothes of one of the boarders. The clothing ignited and the room soon filled with smoke. All three were suffocated to death. At another house Edward O. Bathine was also suffocated. He set the bed clothing on fire with a lighted cigar and in trying to leave the room O. crawled into a closet by mistake where he was found dead.

At Grace Episcopal church Rev. D. C. Wright's morning sermon was a very fine discourse on "There Was No Room For Him in the Inn." Miss Faith Langstaff was the soloist. The evening service was a pretty Sunday school celebration with offerings for the Home of the Friendless and the church Orphanage at Louisville. These presents were deposited in a manger cradle by each class as they marched past singing Christmas anthems. Masters Elbridge Palmer, Lucien and Henry Burnett sang solos.

Rev. J. W. Frison, of Tyler, Tenn., formerly stationed in Paducah, preached yesterday morning at the Broadway Methodist church. It was a thoughtful and earnest sermon on service as taught by Christ on earth. The Sunday school offering for the poor was a very bountiful one.

Pretty Christmas services were rendered at both the German Evangelical and the German Lutheran churches last evening, by the children of the Sunday schools.

Especially Christmas features were observed at the Mechaubourg M. E. church yesterday.

The music at St. Francis de Sales Catholic church was especially fine. There were four services, besides the usual mass at 8 and 10 o'clock a. m., and vespers at 7:30, there was high mass at 6 a. m.

The Ministerial Association did not meet today, on account of its being Christmas, but will hold its regular meeting tomorrow morning at

LAID TO REST TODAY IN OAK GROVE

Funeral of the Late Capt. Joe Fowler Today.

Many Paid Their Last Respects to the Honored Dead—The Pall Bearers.

SEVERAL VISITORS ATTENDED

The funeral of the late Captain Joseph Fowler took place at 10 o'clock this morning at the Broadway Methodist church. Rev. T. J. Newell officiating. It was one of the largest and saddest funerals ever held in Paducah, hundreds paying a last homage to this popular man.

The family has received scores of telegrams of condolence since the death of Capt. Fowler was sent out, and there were several prominent men here to attend the funeral.

Among those who arrived were: Capt. R. D. Crider, of Louisville; Capt. Harry Gilbert, of Evansville; Capt. James Howard, of Evansville; Capt. G. D. Seyster, of Smithland; Mr. C. C. Haynes, of Cairo.

There was also a delegation from Metropolis and several from Cairo. The pall bearers were:

Active: Capt. Jas. Howard, Jr., Capt. R. D. Crider, Capt. H. C. Gilbert, Capt. Jas. Koger, Messrs. E. P. Noble, Geo. C. Wallace, Henry Smith, Sam H. Hughes.

Honorary: Mayor D. A. Yelzer, former Mayor Jas. M. Lang, former Mayor Chas. Reed, Mr. J. A. Rudy, Col. Q. Q. Quigley, Mr. C. F. Rieker, Mr. J. W. McKnight, Major J. H. Ashcraft.

The marine ways and docks were closed today and the superintendent and employees followed the remains to the grave in a body.

The members of the council and board of aldermen, and other city officials met at the city hall and attended the funeral in a body.

The burial was at Oak Grove.

FOUND OWNER

AND A POOR MAN WHO LOST ALL HE HAD WAS GIVEN A NEW CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

City Jailor Tom Everts Declined to Accept a Cent Reward For His Trouble.

City Jailor Tom Everts, who last week found \$87.35 in a pocketbook on the Broadway road near Wallace park, has found the owner and returned the amount to him.

The owner proved to be George E. Simpson, of Obion county, Tenn., who was moving to Saxton, Mo., with his eight children, and at the place where the money was lost, a wagon had collided with that of Mr. Simpson, and the pocketbook was lost in the collision.

Saturday Jailor Everts received a letter from Simpson, who had reached Charleston, Mo., fully identifying the money. The letter stated that a friend living in this county and knowing that he had lost the money wrote him in Charleston and that he had answered immediately. Simpson stated that in Obion county a few weeks ago he had lost his wife and was moving with his eight children to Missouri to work. The money was all he had and he thought at first that he had lost it near Wickliffe. He directed the finder to keep out a reward, but the high-hearted jailor is not that kind, and sent ever nickel to the owner with expressions of pleasure that he found it and not someone who might not have returned it.

Car Hits a Post.

Car No. 102 of the depot line, was slightly damaged last night by a collision with a telephone pole at the end of the run at the depot. The wheels slipped and ran the car into the pole which is used as a "bumper" and two glasses were broken out of the vestibule. The car was not badly damaged.

Conductor J. N. Moore is very ill of rheumatism at his home on Clark street.

LON HINTON HIT BY STRAY BULLET

Accidental Killing Reported From Barlow City.

A Tragedy in Ballard County Follows Target Practice at Bottle.

ACCIDENTAL KILLING VERDICT.

Lon Hinton, aged 30, a farmer residing three miles from Barlow, Ballard county, Ky., on the Cairo extension of the I. C., was killed yesterday afternoon about 1 o'clock on the farm of James Stafford, his half brother, by Iube Smith, another farmer, who accidentally discharged a pistol he was trying to repair.

Hinton and Smith and several other men were shooting a 32-caliber pistol at a bottle when the cylinder refused to revolve. A companion took the weapon and tried to fix it, but without success. He handed it to Smith who drew back the hammer and tried to revolve the cylinder, which was hung.

The hammer got away from Smith and there was an explosion. Hinton spasmodically pressed his abdomen and fell. The bullet entered the body a little to one side of the abdomen, and death came 25 minutes later. The killing was purely accidental, and Smith was exonerated by the coroner's jury, the coroner being summoned from Wickliffe.

The funeral will take place today at Crise's cemetery near Barlow.

SEVEN PERSONS KILLED IN WRECK

Mistake of Operator on Southern Causes Disaster.

One of the Victims Was a Passenger And Six Were Employees of the Road.

SEVERAL WERE BADLY HURT.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 26.—A passenger train from St. Louis on the Southern railway, collided head on with a passenger train leaving Louisville near Maud's station, Ill., yesterday. One passenger and six employees were killed, while two passengers and eight employees were injured.

Dead—Charles Schmidt, Centralia, Ill., Engineer Bowen, Princeton, Fireman Hunt, of Princeton; Sec-Mall Clerk Hogan, Georgetown, Ind.; Section Foreman Underwood, Princeton; Employee Oskin, Tennessee, Ind.; Employee Hudson.

Injured—Albert McNally, Princeton, Albert Oskin, Tennessee, Ind.; Employee Eugene Carlton, Dale, Ind.; Express messenger C. D. Minter, Conductor W. H. Beatty, Louisville; Mail Clerk M. G. Mitchell, St. Louis; Employee Cyrus Hutchinson, Tennessee; Express Messenger J. A. McWilliams, St. Louis; Flagman Jos. Lowe; Section Foreman Henry Austin.

Both engines are badly damaged and four coaches destroyed. The collision occurred between Mt. Carmel, Ill., and Princeton, Ind., and, according to the railway officials, was caused by the failure of the operator at Brownsville, Ill., to deliver to the east-bound train an order naming a meeting point for the trains.

DR. CHADWICK

Reported to Be Returning For a Divorce.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 26.—It was rumored in Cleveland today that Dr. L. S. Chadwick is returning to the city for the purpose of facing down the cloud of ignominy raised by his wife's financial antics and of suing for divorce.

—Mr. W. T. Gleason, janitor at the Carnegie library, is ill and unable to be on duty.

Mrs. J. W. Morris, of Salmours, Ky., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Watson, of Trimbulo street.

NOISY CHRISTMAS FOR PADUCAHANS

It Was Celebrated With no Diminution of Noise.

Today There Is a General Holiday With Business Prevailing All Parts of the City.

FEW ACCIDENTS ARE REPORTED

Paducah had a noisy Christmas, despite the fact that it was Sunday. All Saturday night, with a brief intermission, the noise prevailed, and yesterday there was often such an incessant discharge of fire crackers and other instruments of danger and noise, that people remained off the streets.

There were few accidents and few arrests, the police making none that was not absolutely necessary. It has been the custom to overlook much during the holidays that would not be excused at any other time, and this Christmas was no exception.

The members of the fire departments were not forgotten, yesterday; and received a fine saddle from the Itzhkopf Co., each member a decanter of Brook Hill from Friedman & Keller, and each station received a box of good cigars from Supt. Muscoe Burnett, of the Water Co.

Owing to the fact that most all the traveling men try to spend Christmas with their families, the hotels in Paducah had a dull business yesterday. They all set fine dinners, however, and those who partook were pleased at the enterprise of the Paducah hostesses.

The I. C. shops are shut down today, the officials recognizing this as the legal Christmas. The shop men got Sunday off because of its being the Sabbath, but all the road men and the train crews who could be spared, were permitted to go home Sunday. The company is always very generous in looking after the pleasure of its employees in appreciation of the excellent service the employees give.

Today in Paducah has been much like Sunday, with the rain casting a gloom over all—except the river men. There has not been so much noise as yesterday, but when the weather clears it is expected that the celebration will be resumed where it was left off late last night.

The banks have been closed today, and the postoffice open only as on other holidays, two hours in the forenoon. Most of the factories are closed and nearly all the stores closed at noon, while some did not open at all.

There has been practically nothing today about the court house or city hall, none of the courts being in session. There will be very little tomorrow, as circuit courts have adjourned and few arrests have been made since court Saturday.

Everybody connected with the city or county institutions enjoyed a Christmas dinner yesterday. At the county and city jails extra dinners were served and at the home of the Friendless a Christmas dinner was spread. At the county poor farm the inmates were treated to something extra and at the city and I. C. hospitals nice Christmas spreads were also enjoyed.

MOULD CITY MAN

Pardoned From the Penitentiary Yesterday.

A Mound City, Ill., man, Frank Jones, received a nice Christmas present yesterday. He was pardoned after serving seven years of a life sentence. He was convicted in January, 1897, upon the charge of murdering his wife. The governor pardoned him because he finds that the state board of pardons states that the deed was accidental. The governor states that the truth seems to be that the defendant really attempted to shoot and kill a man of the name of Brown, who was with his wife, but missed the man and killed the woman.

POPULAR MAN III.

Mr. Harry Wheeler, the well-known machinist, is precariously ill and not expected to survive, his many friends will regret to learn. Mr. Wheeler was taken ill Friday, of symptoms of La Grippe, but did not go to bed until that night when he became so ill that he could not stand. He grew gradually worse until yesterday he was seized with a paralytic stroke.

JUSTICE YOUNG'S COURT.

Justice Young today called his docket and set cases. The docket is small this term, consisting of only about 40 cases and none of importance.

HEARTS UNITED AT CHRISTMASTIDE

The Usual Rush of Weddings During Holidays.

Date Set for Potter-Pace Wedding at Louisville—Marriage at Smithland Saturday.

OTHER WEDDINGS OF INTEREST

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: The date of the marriage of Miss Carrie Linwood Pace and Mr. Harry Vaughan Potter, formerly of Bowling Green, has been set for Tuesday, January 17.

It will be solemnized at 8 o'clock at the home of the bride's father, Mr. W. B. Pace, of 1426 Second street. The officiating clergyman will be the Rev. Neander Wood, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church.

Miss Ritchey Pace, the bride's sister, will be her maid of honor and only attendant, and the best man will be Mr. Samuel K. Bland.

It will be a pink and white wedding and the decorations will carry out these colors.

After their wedding trip the couple will make their home at Mrs. Clarence Martin's, 841 Second street.

Mrs. Daisy Cooney and Mr. Adolph Raffel, of the city, went to Marion, Ill., last Thursday and were married, going from there to Benton, Ill., to visit the groom's relatives. They returned here Saturday afternoon and announced their marriage. Both are well-known, the bride being a popular young widow previous to her marriage, and the groom an attaché of the Itzhkopf harness making department. They will reside at 415 North Third.

Mr. Elvy Crenshaw and Miss Effa Dusch and Mr. Ord Rudolph and Miss Maud Abernathy, well-known young people of near Ogden's Landing, were married as they sat in a buggy at the front gate at Rev. Hinton's, of Woodville.

The St. Louis papers state that E. N. Smith, of Paducah, and Miss Mae Manley, of 6228 Clement street, St. Louis, were married there. No such name appears in the city directory, although it may be some of the numerous Ed. Smiths given therein.

Mr. B. B. Hook, manager of the Kolb drug store at Third and Jackson, has gone to Elgin, Ill., where tomorrow at the Baptist church he will be married to Miss Bernice H. Bennett, of that place. They will reside at Mrs. Ceell's boarding house, 602 South Third.

Mrs. Ida Flannery and Mr. Charles Leffer, were married Saturday night at Smithland, Ky., at the bride's home. The bride is a daughter of Captain R. Y. Northern, of Livingston county, and the groom is a prominent man of Sanford, Florida. He is a brother of Mrs. J. K. Greer, of Paducah, and with his bride will arrive Wednesday on a visit before going to Florida to live.

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COLORED BOY THROUGH THE

Charlie Dixon, Allegedly Killed by Accident.

Pistol in the Hands of a Boy Went Off, Passing Through the Brain.

CORONER'S INQUEST W

Charlie Dixon, colored, a old adopted child of Franklin, of West Kentucky avenue, was shot and fatally injured last night about 9 o'clock, sixth birthday, by Jim Grogan, ed. The boy was standing near the pistol was discharged, and a bullet entered the temple and went out the back of the head, passing through the brain.

City Physician Robert summoned but little could be done and at 1 o'clock this morning died. Grogan was taken to the shooting, man to escape, and claims to be holding the pistol, a 31 it went off.

The boy was adopted woman four years ago, "mascot" for the Benton team last season, in uniform and attending and was known as "Book" Coroner Crow was not matter immediately after ing, and investigated par night. This morning when of the boy's death reached went out to hold an inquest is being held pending of the inquiry.

AT 80 YEARS

This Man Remained in Lexington, Ky., Dec.

John Glens Craddock, years of Paris, Ky., died hospital here. He was a Paris Kentuckian-Citizen editor in the state. He had studied here when the Mexico broke out, and serving throughout the war return he adopted journalism profession and continued service until two weeks ago, when he was attacked by pneumonia. He no near kin surviving.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN RIOT.

Razon, Russian Poland, Dec. 25.—After midnight a mass at the Russian Catholic cathedral a crowd composed of workmen paraded the streets carrying red flags. The military authorities trying to disperse it were received with shots and a serious encounter followed in which the commander of the 26th regiment was killed and a gendarme wounded. One of the demonstrators was killed.

There were only a few accidents yesterday, and these of little consequence, generally speaking. While there was a great deal of shooting, most of the young people seemed to be careful, at least of themselves.

THE SUN

The Sun is endeavoring to give the poor of the city a Christmas tree this year, as has been the custom every year for several years past and asks each of its subscribers to use the coupon below and mail us one dime. A dime is a very small thing to you but will help swell the fund immensely if every subscriber will do his or her part.

Send in your dimes today. Don't put it off. You may forget it.

THE SUN:
I enclose herewith a dime for your fund to give a Christmas tree to the poor of Paducah.
(Signed)



At The Kentucky, Friday, Dec. 30th.

BOYS IN MISSOURI

Encouragement to Operatic Star.

Study for Grand Opera—Marries at Fulton, Ky.

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IS "REV." JOHN SMITH REMNANT OF GANG?

Said to Have Been in the Warren Crowd.

Man in Jail Here Is Preacher, Blacksmith, Clock Repairer—and Alleged Counterfeiter.

MOULDS THROWN INTO A WELL

"Rev." John Smith, the man arrested last week in Marshall county on a charge of counterfeiting, and who pleaded guilty and was remanded to jail in default of a \$1,000 bond is believed to be a remnant of the M. G. Warren gang that was broken up about a year ago, several members of which are now serving sentences in federal prisons.

Smith is one of the only two white men in the county jail here at present, and seems to be an interesting character. The Mayfield Messenger says of him:

"John Smith, Methodist minister, blacksmith and clock and watch repairer, waived examination Friday before U. S. Commissioner Armour Gardner on the charge of making counterfeit dollars, and in default of a \$1,000 bond was lodged in the Paducah jail to await the action of the federal grand jury which convenes in March. Smith was arrested Tuesday by Deputy United States Marshal G. W. Saunders, of Mayfield, at Hardin, Marshall county. Only six of the 'bad' dollars were found by the officer.

"It has been said that he was implicated with M. G. Warren, who is now serving a sentence in the federal penitentiary for making bogus \$20 bills. The mold of Smith was not found as Mr. Saunders says that Warren's daughter threw the molds in the well at her home.

"Smith is 52 years old and has a wife and seven children."

Coughing Spell Caused Death.

"Harry Duckwell, aged 25 years, choked to death early yesterday morning at his home, 118 E. Second, of a coughing spell. He contracted a slight cold a few days ago and paid but little attention to it. Yesterday morning he was seized with a fit of coughing which continued for some time. His wife sent for a physician but before he could arrive, another coughing spell came on and Duckwell died from asphyxiation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Dec. 1, 1901." Ballard's Horehound Syrup would have saved him. 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by DuBois, Kohl & Co.

JAKE DUDLEY

Is Becoming Quite Famous as an Artist.

The Mayfield Mirror says of Mr. Jake Dudley, formerly of Paducah, and a relative to Capt. J. M. Ezell: "The splendid oil portrait of Maj. H. S. Hafe, in the window of the First National bank is the latest completed work of Mr. J. C. Dudley.

"The study of the picture is happily chosen, showing the subject in the Confederate uniform which he wore during the civil war. How well the artist has done his work, is seen in the fine repose of the face, and the gentle dignity of bearing in the entire pose of bust and head which is so characteristic of the Major, whether in the soldier's or the citizen's garb."

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Successor to Soule's Drug Store.
313 Broadway.

J. W. EDEN
LAWYER

117 South Fourth Street

JANES

REAL ESTATE
MORTGAGES
LOANS

This plat shows best lots in Paducah, price, location and terms considered. Prices marked on each lot. Terms, \$25.00 cash; \$5.00 per month. Come and get first choice.



160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	486	487	488	489	490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516	517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524	525	526	527	528	529	530	531	532	533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540	541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548	549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564	565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572	573	574	575	576	577	578	579	580	581	582	583	584	585	586	587	588	589	590	591	592	593	594	595	596	597	598	599	600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610	611	612	613	614	615	616	617	618	619	620	621	622	623	624	625	626	627	628	629	630	631	632	633	634	635	636	637	638	639	640	641	642	643	644	645	646	647	648	649	650	651	652	653	654	655	656	657	658	659	660	661	662	663	664	665	666	667	668	669	670	671	672	673	674	675	676	677	678	679	680	681	682	683	684	685	686	687	688	689	690	691	692	693	694	695	696	697	698	699	700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710	711	712	713	714	715	716	717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724	725	726	727	728	729	730	731	732	733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740	741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	750	751	752	753	754	755	756	757	758	759	760	761	762	763	764	765	766	767	768	769	770	771	772	773	774	775	776	777	778	779	780	781	782	783	784	785	786	787	788	789	790	791	792	793	794	795	796	797	798	799	800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810	811	812	813	814	815	816	817	818	819	820	821	822	823	824	825	826	827	828	829	830	831	832	833	834	835	836	837	838	839	840	841	842	843	844	845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852	853	854	855	856	857	858	859	860	861	862	863	864	865	866	867	868	869	870	871	872	873	874	875	876	877	878	879	880	881	882	883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916	917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924	925	926	927	928	929	930	931	932	933	934	935	936	937	938	939	940	941	942	943	944	945	946	947	948	949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956	957	958	959	960	961	962	963	964	965	966	967	968	969	970	971	972	973	974	975	976	977	978	979	980	981	982	983	984	985	986	987	988	989	990	991	992	993	994	995	996	997	998	999	1000
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Rudy, Phillips & Co.

A Few Words of Gratitude to Our Patrons And Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas



Christmas of 1904 is here and we wish you all the joys and pleasures of the greatest holiday of all holidays. May that genial old gentleman who is so generous in his gifts be more generous than ever to you and yours this Christmas, and may it be granted that we all will see the proverbial many returns of the day.

The year just drawing to a close has been a prosperous year for this firm--has been our greatest year. It is due to you and we wish to assure you of our deep appreciation and gratitude. We have an establishment of which we are proud and we trust you are. You have made it possible.

We have great plans for the new year--plans for you and for us, and after a fitting celebration of the holidays at hand we shall tell you something of them.

Just now we will say again, A MERRY CHRISTMAS, and may a host more come to one and all.

And, if you will come in this week we will show you some great bargains that we have put on our counters for after Christmas specials.



IT IS EASY TO MAKE CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS



The all absorbing question of what to give can best be answered after you have paid our store a visit.

It is almost proverbial that the varied products of the jewelers' art make the gifts that are most appreciated.

See our Diamond Rings from \$10.00 upward
Sterling Silver Toilet Ware.

WM. NAGEL
NAGEL & MEYER
THIRD AND BROADWAY

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SUN.

MUST BE PROMPT.

Says the Commissioner of Tobacco Dealers.

On account of the carelessness of some leaf tobacco dealers in making out their quarterly reports on form 59, a book furnished them by the government, causing the business of the collector's office to be greatly delayed, the commissioner insists that the law relating to negligence or carelessness in making these reports be enforced.

Hon. E. T. Franks, the collector of this district, has therefore instructed Deputy Collector R. D. Hapley hereafter to promptly report all dealers for prosecution who fail to send in reports within ten days after the end of quarter. He is instructed also to notify all dealers that they must register before entering business and not after.

Owingsville, Ky., Dec. 26.—While attempting to fire a cannon cracker David Thompson, an inmate of the county poor house, had his hand blown off by a premature explosion. He is in a serious condition and may die.

50,000 MILE TOUR.

Veteran Cyclist Includes Kentucky in His Tour.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 26.—E. M. Corson of Boston, one of the pioneer cyclists of New England, has started on a motorcycle trip through the South to complete his total mileage of over 50,000 before returning. Although 56 years old, Corson intends to tour through Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Mississippi, part of Louisiana, Texas and Kentucky before returning to Boston. Since the 1st day of May he has covered over 45,000 miles with a motor-cycle, and before that he paddled over 100,000 miles on bicycles.

Died in Confederate Home.

News of the death in the Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., of James Roark, of Marshall county, has been received here. He was 80 years old and made an enviable record during the war. He has two sons, Andy and Robert Roark, of near Sharpe, Marshall county, and the remains will probably be taken to Marshall for burial.

SAVED BALL PARK.

Calro Fans Bought the Ground to Prevent Its Being Sold.

The baseball park property at Calro has been sold to Messrs. J. P. Thistlewood and G. P. Eichenberger, prevent its being bought to be used for other purposes. It has been rented to the Calro Baseball Association and known as "Sportsman's Park," but others began negotiations for it, and the two gentlemen named, who are enthusiastic fans, Mr. Eichenberger being manager of the Calro K. I. T. club the first season, bought it so it can still be used as a hall park.

—Subscribers will favor us if they will report any delays or failures in the delivery of their papers. Kindly Phone 358 every time you miss your paper.

—Stutz's Columbia—Special price on Oranges, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c 40c, 50c, and 60c per dozen.

—For bargains in all kinds of pipes, see assortment at Wilhelm & Ferriman's, 311 Broadway.

Dinner

1835 R. WALLACE

The confident feeling that your dinner table is perfectly correct in its appointments can be realized if you have a service of 1835 R. Wallace Silver Plate.

Mrs. Rorer's illustrated book, "How to Set the Table," is full of timely hints. You may have a copy if you call.

Warren & Warren
217 AND 417 BROADWAY.

We wish all our friends and patrons A Merry Christmas

Harbour's Department Store

North Third Street
HALF SQUARE FROM BROADWAY

Sun.

WEEKLY.

PUBLISHING CO.

(INC.)

Editor and Publisher,

General Manager

RATES:

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THE MOTHER'S COLUMN.

The Editor Tells the Sweet Young Thing Why It Was Given Up.

"Yes," said the editor, "we had to give up that mothers' column."

"Dear me! I don't see why," answered the sweet young thing. "It seemed to me it was invaluable."

"Yes, that's what we all thought, including the very bright young woman who wrote it," admitted the editor. "There didn't seem to be any problem of the home that she wasn't qualified to settle. But she finally married."

"That didn't lessen her ability any, did it?" asked the sweet young thing in surprise.

"No-o," replied the editor slowly. "Of course she knew just as much as she did before, but somehow she didn't seem to be quite so certain of it. However, she kept up her work, even if she did show that she occasionally had doubts that never came to her before. She was a little shy as to some points regarding the management of the home, but she still knew all about the training of children, and, of course, that's the principal feature of a mothers' column."

"Of course," acquiesced the sweet young thing.

"At last, however," continued the editor, "she became satisfied that she wasn't even competent to lay down rules and decide knotty problems in the line of the management of a nursery."

"Dear me!" said the sweet young thing. "That was very strange. When did she make up her mind to that?"

"About four months after her first baby was born," answered the editor. "Chicago Post."

Mr. Gethers's Proposal.

"They were talking about their love affairs, as women will when they get into a confidential mood. Every one present except Mrs. Gethers had told of her experience when the important question was 'popped.' When Mrs. G. hesitated her companions urged her harder than ever."

"Well," she confessed, "if I must tell the truth, I never had a proposal."

"Did the job yourself in leap year, eh?" asked Mrs. Sharp.

"Not a bit of it. You know what a diffident man Hob is. I could not help seeing that he loved me devotedly, and I knew I loved him. I was as sure of him as sin is sure of punishment. I let two other good chances go by before they reached the proposal stage during the seven months of Hob's courtship. One afternoon he sent me a box of chocolates with a beautiful diamond ring inside. Our initials were engraved on one side of the shaft and a chain link on the other. It was quite a shock to my girlhood's dreams of the sort of proposal I wanted. I cried a bit, and I really believe now they were tears of joy. Anyway I had the ring on my engagement finger when Hob called that evening. In a few moments we were chatting away about plans for our wedding as naturally as though we had been engaged for weeks."—New York Press.

One I Omitted.

"Here! What do you mean by calling me that?" demanded the trust magazine, pointing to the offending line in the paper.

"Senseless individual," quoted the editor. "Why, you never before objected to being called a senseless individual."

"That isn't what you call me," thundered the visitor. "You have it 'senseless individual,' which means an individual without a soul."—Catholic Standard and Times.

How the Expression Originated.

The quip was propounded in a tidie to a Greek. Failure to solve it, as all know, meant death.

"Well," said the monster impatiently, "noting the man's hesitation, 'can't you see through it?'"

"I can't for the life of me," was the reply.

A few moments after the unlucky guesser had passed away, but the expression survived. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Ruthless Critic.

"Mr. Robbins says he is wedded to his art," said Miss Cayenne, "wedded, but with ample ground for divorce." —Washington Star.

Jimmie and Trista.

"Kin yer trust me wid de loan of 5 cents, Jimmie?"

"I'm sorry, Willie, but I don't believe in trusts." —New York Evening Journal.

A Fatal Elopement.

"They eloped in a nirship."

"Would her father recognize them?"

"No one would after the nirship fell." —Philadelphia Caricature.

THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

"Is heaven," she asked, "so very—very high?"

"Coming to me that lesson sweet" to teach;

And soft I answered, 'twixt a kiss and sigh:

"No higher than a little child can reach!"

Christ loved the little children and do you not think it fitting, on the occasion of the celebration of His birthday, that we give the little folks cause to remember it?

Then help Mr. Whiles and The Sun with their Christmas tree for the poor children of the city to be given tomorrow night.

Send in some contribution to The Sun today. No matter what it is,—toys, food, clothing or money, it will be appreciated and used in an excellent cause.

VERY LIBERAL

WERE POLICE WITH CHRISTMAS OFFENDERS.

Only a Few Failed to Deserve the Leniency of the Authorities.

The police department has proven itself very liberal to Christmas celebrators. There were several arrests made Sunday, but all offenders with few exceptions, were released when they got sober.

Tim Hiley, white; Tom Brady, and Andy McLaughlin, white; Homer Williams, colored; Harney King, white; and Verner Whipple, white, charged with drunkenness, were arrested Sunday and released when they got sober.

Arthur Dunn, white, got drunk and disorderly and was locked up yesterday. He will answer to Judge Sanders tomorrow morning.

Sam and Louis Cujoral, white, were arrested for a breach of the peace.

W. H. Murrell, white, claiming to be a typewriter agent, was arrested Saturday night for carrying concealed weapons.

He got drunk and raised a disturbance on lower Kentucky avenue and when arrested and searched, a big butcher knife was found stuffed down in his vest. He also had a small black cap in his pocket but this does not signify anything out of the ordinary, the police think.

He will be tried tomorrow on the charge of carrying a concealed weapon.

—Stutz's Columbia—Special price on Pure, Fresh and Delicious Candles 10c, 12 1/2c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 50c, 60c, and 80c per pound.

Subscribe for The Sun.

Solomon's Made-for-YOU Suits at \$22.50 ARE ECONOMY

When you get one of our Suits you get a garment made for you, not made to fit a score of men; one that will always fit you, hold its shape and reveal superior workmanship till it is in shreds. That will be a long time.

Come, let me show you the remarkably big and varied lines of suitings I am carrying.

SOLOMON, 113 South Third

Subtle Fragrance.

The word subtle in fairly expensive of the perfumes carried in our stock. There is none of that rankness so often found in the ordinary cheap staid extracts. Perfumers will find a variety of odors in our perfumery cases. All of the popular established odors and the new creations are here.

J. H. OEHLSCHELAGER
Druggist
Sixth and Broadway
PHONE 63

AS A WOMAN LUNCHES.

Meals That Are Ordered Merely by Force of Suggestion.

Lots of women order their luncheons merely by force of suggestion. If you don't think so, watch the waverling ones sit down, look on the card, glance at their nearest neighbor's plate and then order whatever the latter happens to be eating. In a crowded luncheon room on a festive day one little round table seating four women bore out this statement. Two of the women refreshed themselves on cake and coffee. The third was putting away a savory clam chowder. A fourth came in, observed the cakes, gazed appreciatively on the chowder and requested the latter. The first chowderer finished and departed, and the woman who immediately took her place looked around the table and ordered cakes and coffee.

At this time the first two cake and coffee eaters had finished, and an uncertain looking woman sat down on that side of the table. She looked at the two opposite, glanced at the card and said, "Bring me a clam chowder."

This is a fact, and there is every reason to suppose that nothing but coffee and cakes and chowder was served at that table all the afternoon or at least as long as waverling ladies sat down at it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

FAIRY TALES.

One View of the Lessons This Class of Stories Teaches.

The fairy tales are the only true accounts that man has ever given of his destiny. "Jack the Giant Killer" is the embodiment of the first of the three great paradoxes by which men live. It is the paradox of courage, the paradox which says, "You must defy the thing that is terrifying you; unless you are frightened you are not brave." "Cinderella" is the embodiment of the second of the paradoxes by which men live, the paradox of humility, which says, "Look for the best in the thing least of its merit; he that abases himself shall be exalted." And "Beauty and the Beast" is the embodiment of the third of the paradoxes by which men live, the paradox of faith, the absolutely necessary and widely unsoundable maxim which says to every mother with a child or to every patriot with a country, "You must love the thing first and make it lovable afterward." These tales are far truer than the rhinoceros at the zoo, for you know what these mean. And you can guess what the rhinoceros means!—G. K. Chesterton.

GARGOYLES.

Origin of These Quaintly Formed Heads or Figures.

Gargoyles are quaintly formed heads, faces or figures used in ancient times for decorative purposes and chiefly applied as the terminals of water-spouts upon roofs or gables. The rain stream was arranged to flow through the mouth, and the worst gargoyle itself is an attempt to imitate the "gargling" sound made by the water in passing through the throat of the grotesque monster.

Gargoyles were the caricatures of medieval times. Many were carved by monkish masons, who took the opportunity of handing on to posterity the distorted lineaments of their fellows or even of their superiors, recognizable as likenesses from some proud characteristic.

The famous gargoyles of Notre Dame in Paris are supposed to have had some such origin, while others of supposedly the same origin are to be seen in churches throughout Brittany and Normandy as well as here and there in England.—London Telegraph.

Moxa Doctors of Tokyo.

A feature of low street life in Tokyo is the "kusha," or moxa doctor, who applies small pads made of certain dried herbs to the skin, then sets them night, the ensuing blisters being supposed to be most effective as a cure for various ailments. Among the doctor's remedies, too, are rhinoceros pills, warranted a sure cure for tightness of the chest, gnashing of the teeth and depression of spirits, and "furidashi," a popular remedy for coughs and colds, which is said to expel the devils and promote circulation, while musk pills are prescribed as an infallible cure for every ill, from a red nose to senility.

The Coquette.

There are scores of girls who are neither beautiful nor witty, but they are natural born coquettes, and as a consequence are perfection in the average man's eyes. The beautiful girl generally banks on her face being her fortune, but the coquette cultivates the habit of saying pretty, flattering things, studying the trick of amusing half a dozen men at one and the same time and of making each man think he is the one that is being especially favored.—San Francisco Call.

Miss Nellie Holke, of South Seventh street, is ill.



A LAUGHABLE SHOW.

The Foxy Little Woman That Healed and Haunted.

Two clever sisters at a recent party gave an entertainment that was well worth the labor and pains it took to prepare for it. One of the girls dressed in a full blue chesedoth gown that came down just to her wrists. On her hands were shoes and stockings, and on her head was an old woman's cap. She then stood behind a table, which had a cloth over it extending to the floor, and so concealed the lower part of her body. Standing thus she was



HEATING THE JABBERWOCK.

a funny little woman, with big head and little feet, which rested on the table, but with no arms.

The sister, however, applied the arms. This sister stood just behind, entirely covered with a dark cloak the same color almost as the wall paper, so that she was not at all noticeable, and thrust her arms from behind through the sleeves of the first girl's gown, the sleeves being made open behind for that purpose.

The first girl then recited "The Jabberwock," from "Alice in Wonderland," while the girl behind did the gesturing, which, of course, looked as if it were all done by the arms of the funny little woman. Hands, feet and head were kept constantly in motion, the hand of the second girl going to the ear of the girl in front as though listening, and performing other appropriate and graceful gestures all the time. As an encore the "funny little woman" danced a skirt dance to the music of the piano. This, of course, was more difficult and took a lot of practice beforehand, but the delight occasioned by this unique entertainment was well worth the time spent in bringing it to perfection.—Exchange.

SOAP BUBBLES.

The Way to Get the Best Results in This Pastime.

Water that is best for soap bubbles must contain no lime. The water of wells and springs generally has this fault. Italian water is the article that should be used if possible. It contains no lime.

The white castle soap for the kids. Scraper in the water and stir actively. Now add a few drops of glycerin to the mixture.

In the city a pipe is used to blow the bubbles. In the country a strong bit of rye straw may be used. One of its ends is cut in four divisions.

With water and soap or pipe thus prepared quite a variety of results may be produced. The bubble may be blown and caught as in cup and ball until it finally bursts.

The bubbles may also be juggled with. If instead of allowing them to fall on a smooth surface, as of wood or stone, the bubbles are dropped on a piece of cloth with a rather long pipe they will rest secure. Let the cloth be held slack. Then a quick, slight tension will send the bubble bounding in the air like a ball. It may be made to bound and rebound without bursting. In fact, two persons may thus make the bubbles bound to and from each other as in tennis.

Five or six bubbles may be allowed to settle on a tablecloth of wool. They can be blown about and will not break except in meeting each other.

Land of the Midnight Sun.

"I am glad I don't live at the pole," said a little girl who had to get up while it was quite dark one dreary morning. "It must be dreadful to have to go about in the dark for six months." That is the idea most children have of the frigid zone. But it is not correct. In the first place there are not more than three months of actual darkness, for the long twilight helps to shorten the night at both ends of the season. Then, too, during the time when the sun never comes above the horizon or close enough to it to make twilight or dawn, there is a bright moonlight part of each month and such brilliant displays of the aurora borealis that it is far from "pitch dark," as one might suppose.

Ink Plant.

The ink plant of New Granada is a curiosity. The juice of it can be used as ink without any preparation. At first the writing is red, but after a few hours it changes to black.

Who Broke It?

We showed our baby the pretty moon, A shining golden ball That floated with its mellow light The nursery and hall. She watched it over the eastern hills 'Till up among the stars And threw it kisses for "good night" Out through the window bars.

Next time the baby saw the moon Above the tree tops high, A shining golden ball That floated with its mellow light The nursery and hall. She watched it over the eastern hills 'Till up among the stars And threw it kisses for "good night" Out through the window bars. In tones of deep and throbbing distress, "Oh, mamma, dear, it's broke!" —Charlotte Canty.



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Do we want you to stop spending? Not at all. To you that you should stop spending and start saving, you would be consistent with our own way of living.

We don't want you to stop spending to start saving, spend money ourselves. We want you to stop wasting money and start saving.

Look over the things you spend money for and single out the ones you waste money on.

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Money wasting is worse than miserly saving.

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A BOTTLE OF
PALMER'S PERFUM
SLEETH'S DRUG STORE

SPORTS OF FILIPINOS.

Amusements in Vogue Among Women.

In a letter to a friend in Washington Mrs. Annie Pike Smith, formerly of Washington, but now with her husband, Captain A. T. Smith, U. S. A., at Camp Jossman, Hilo, Philippine Islands, writes thus concerning the native sports, says the Washington Star: "Among the women rope jumping is a pastime. Is this to be wondered at in a country noted for its hemp? They make a game of it. To each woman, including those that turn the rope, is given the name of a flower or tree. The one that acts as leader calls out the name and the player takes her turn. Should the 'flower name' of one of the girls turning be called, then there is a great scramble, while another is taking her place, and she makes her jump. It reminded me of the noisy game called fruit basket which I played in my childhood on the streets of Washington."

"Among the boys—and older men, too—a favorite sport is the tossing of a hollow ball made of bamboo, a species of bamboo. They toss this ball from one to another, never touching it with their hands, but using only the muscles of the back, hips and legs. It is really wonderful how long they can keep it flying back and forth in the air. The youngsters enjoy the regular old game of hopscotch. A plot oblong in shape is laid out with a circle divided into equal spaces. The game is to hop on one foot from one division to the others, at the same time kicking a stone. That cockfighting reigns supreme. Almost any day you may see a crowd of small matches in a circle watching a fight on which a few pesos have been hazarded. These fights are generally without the cuffs. How the Filipinos love his numbers! "It has been said that in case of a fire the bird is cared for first, after that the family—often too late. They cross the birds as we should a dear pet dog."

Supply of Oxygen For Firemen.
An experiment has recently been made in Paris with an ingenious apparatus, invented by M. Guglielminetti and M. Draeger, by means of which it is possible to remain without fear of asphyxiation in places where it would otherwise be impossible to breathe. The apparatus is automatic—that is, it has no connection with the air outside. It is composed of a tube containing a provision of oxygen sufficient to last a man for breathing purposes for more than an hour and a helmet of aluminum fitting the head exactly by means of a pneumatic pad. The oxygen is supplied automatically to the man's mouth and the air exhaled is received in a compressible bag.

It passes through a regenerator with granulated caustic potash, which absorbs all the carbonic acid. A stream, provided with this apparatus, went down into a cellar in which piles of damp straw had been lighted, and although there was suffocating smoke from this he remained in it for nearly three-quarters of an hour without being at all inconvenienced by it.—English World's Work.

A Disappointed Dog.
Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) tells of a dog that travels with his shows that is the most ill tempered beast in the world. He has good reasons for his ugliness, according to what the narrator says: "He sleeps in the ticket wagon. Now, every night before he is shut up the ticket seller gives him a bone, which he promptly conceals in a hole dug beneath the wagon. Then he goes to bed, and, failing to realize that almost every night his house is shifted over the road, he can't understand why the morning's search for the bone is futile. Then he's mad. He thinks some one has stolen it, and it isn't safe to go near him for several hours. Sometimes we stop several days in a place, and then, of course, he finds the bone, and it's just enough incentive to keep him digging holes. He's planted bones all over the country and the greater part of Europe and has lost ninety-nine out of every hundred."

Engineers' Watches.
It is vitally important that railroad engineers should have accurate timepieces. One is seldom seen with an expensive watch unless it has been presented to him by the company as a memorial of long and faithful service or for some deed of heroism. A dealer tells me that the works in engineers' watches are of standard make, costing the uniform price of \$18. The style of the case depends on the purchasing ability of the buyer, the price ranging from \$2 to as many hundreds as one wants to waste on gold and gems. Most cases are silver. For many years the works were manufactured by a firm in the west. The long wireless electric clocks will be used in engine cars, so that the time all over the road will be the same to a fraction of a second. There will be fewer accidents then.—New York Press.

Saving Money Orders.
The postal authorities have discovered that the money order system is now being extensively used by people who like to hoard their money. Those who formerly used their stockpiles now purchase money orders and lay them away. The order is payable within seven years and unless destroyed or defaced is as good as a government bond without the interest within the period named.

PAINFULLY SEDATE.

A Professor's Evening Party in the Paris Latin Quarter.

"It was difficult to imagine that I was in the heart of Paris, among people bred and born in the capital," says a writer telling of the section of the Latin quarter in which the professors of the University of Paris have their homes. "These men, these luminaries of science, how different they looked among their womankind! Since then I have visited many professors' homes and have found them all curiously alike. No matter whether the apartment be on a second, third or fourth floor, whether it be an expensive or cheap one, the inmates are all alike, talk alike, dress alike. If you have seen one home, you have seen them all. Follow me to a fourth floor in the Rue Raynasse. We are ushered into the drawing room. The furniture is mahogany, always mahogany, and of a bad period. There are no flowers, but a dusty fern in a majolica pot; on the mantelpiece a clock and a candelabra, with framed photographs in the spaces between; over the cottage piano the portrait of M. le Professeur in the green embroidered uniform of a member of the Academy of Sciences, with his dress sword, over which he generally stumbles. But do not think that the professors' families are blind to beauty. They will admire and appreciate a work of art as well as you or I, but in their homes they consider beauty a negligible quantity. They also give very little attention to their bodies to the inner or outer man. I have often wondered whether the same tailor supplies them all with their old fashioned coats."

"Nor does the inner man fare much better. The cooks in their establishments seem to be altogether different creatures from those we meet elsewhere. They eschew strong, their grammar is better, but their cooking is worse—very much worse—than in the homes of the less intellectual members of society. The women form a distinct type. They seem to belong to a past generation, and their dress is in keeping with the style of their hair. Living among themselves, they appear to have no notion of what is occurring in the worldly part of Paris. Their dress-makers are 'of the quarter,' and their milliners make their hats with the odds and ends brought to them. Such a thing as a fashion paper never crosses their path. I am certain these ladies are much more interested in the latest microbes than in the latest hat. They have little notion of comfort."

"An evening party at one of their houses is a never to be forgotten entertainment for the outsider. They still dance the schottish, but the greater part of the evening is devoted to what are called 'society games,' a gaudy trap to the butterfly from across the Seine. I have forgotten the name of the French game, but I recall that we were all seated in a ring—about thirty of us—old and young, and we had to answer questions and find out some antithetical fact. To them it was child's play, but if it had not been for the six-year-old child of the house who prompted me I should have cut a poor figure. Imagine coming from the electric lights of the boulevards to the oil lamps of the professors' salon and being suddenly called upon to know that Dalmatia was conquered by Metellus in 118 B. C. I. Delightful evening!"

Retelling a Joke.
A west side man heard a joke, new to him, the other day, and the first thing he did upon reaching home for dinner was to tell it to his wife. "Hurry," he said, "here's a new joke that's mighty good. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' 'Did they save anything?' the second man asks. 'Yes,' says the first, 'they carried out the programme.' Isn't that a good one?' His wife said it was, and next day she tried it on her grocer. "Mr. I thank," she said, "here's a new joke for you. One man says, 'The theater caught fire last night.' Another asks, 'Did they save anything?' 'Yes,' replies the first, 'they went on with the programme and finished it.' Isn't that a fine joke?' The grocer said it was excellent, but, confidentially he acknowledges that he hasn't yet seen the point.—Kansas City Times.

A Blind Man's Mind.
A blind man named Green made a curious defense at Birmingham, England, to a charge of smashing a plate glass window worth \$15. He had been blind, he said, for seven years. On the night in question he cried for assistance to cross the road, but no one came. Then he heard some one at a distance and struck at what used, when he could see, to be boards surrounding waste ground. He was astonished when he heard the sound of broken glass. The jury acquitted him, and he was discharged.

Lacked the Lawyer's Facility.
Lawyer (to witness)—Never mind what you think. We want facts here. Tell me where you first met this man. Woman Witness—Can't answer it. If the court doesn't care to hear what I think there's no use questioning me, for I am not a lawyer and can't talk without thinking.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Practice Versus Preaching.
"You kin help de cause of honesty a heap," said Uncle Eben, "by preachin' about it, but you kin help it a heap mo' by not dauntin' rags' chicken under a hungry man's nose."—Washington Star.

A man is not going to get a crown of righteousness just because he gives some poor fellow his old straw hat along about November.—Chicago Tribune.

DESIGNING A HEAD.

An Interesting Tonalorial Operation by the Famous Whistler.

"Amazing!" the favorite ejaculation of the brilliant and eccentric artist, James MacNeill Whistler, is the word which seems best to fit the curious combination of personal peculiarities—mischiefous wit, tricky jests, gay quarrels, harmless vanities and remarkable artistic performances—revealed in Mr. Mortimer Menpes' recent recollections of his "Master." The eccentricities of Whistler's character were matched by those of his appearance, for he never dressed like anybody else, and he had, just over his left eye, a single lock of white hair and a mass of black curls. His own interest in the composition of costume and color with the same seriousness which he would have bestowed upon the composition of a picture, and indeed the result was unmistakably picturesque.

"Customers ceased to be interested in their own hair," says Mr. Menpes of Whistler's entrance into a barber's shop. "Operators stopped their manipulations; every one turned to watch Whistler, who himself was supremely unconscious. His hair was first trimmed, but left rather long, Whistler meanwhile directing the cutting of every lock as he watched the barber in the glass. He, poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated the scissors. The clipping completed, Whistler waved the operators imperiously on one side, and we observed for some time the rear view of his dapper little figure, stepping backward and forward, surveying himself in the glass. Suddenly he put his head into a basin of water, and then, half drying his hair, shook it into matted wet curls. With a comb he carefully picked out the white lock, wrapped it in a towel and walked about for five minutes, pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his face—a stage which much amused the onlookers."

"Still pinching the towel, he would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets resembling would not have given them the right quality) until they fell into decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air. Whistler wanted a comb. This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look intently at himself in the glass and say, but two words, 'Menpes, amazing!' and walk triumphantly out of the shop."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An awkward man in society is usually a thoroughbred in business.

The only cause of overwork we know of, though many claim it, is that of the grovler.

A great many people tell not the way a thing is, but the way they would like to have it.

To win in this world you must have more confidence in yourself than you really amount to.

There is the mark of one who boards Search him, and you will find something to eat in his pockets.

Give father credit for one thing at least at his place at the table there are no wads of chewing gum on the underside.

When you attend a circus turning a somersault looks easy, and when you attend a lecture talking in public looks easy.—Atchison Globe.

The Lease of Life.
It is the inevitable law of nature that we must die. The vital energy that is implanted in the body at birth is only meant to sustain it for a certain number of years. It may be hoarded or wasted, made to burn slowly or rapidly. It is like the oil in a lamp and may be burned out to little effect in a little time or carefully husbanded and preserved and thus made to last longer and burn brighter.

It is a moot question whether every individual is not at birth gifted with the same amount of vital energy and of life sustaining power. The probability is that each is. The circumstances of the environment from the cradle to the grave determine its future destiny.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Bad Company For Him.
"Wint have you to say for yourself?" demanded the bailiff of the drunk and disorderly. "Am verri sorry, sir," returned the charge, "but a cenn' up free glass in bad company." "What sort of company?" "A lot of teetotalers." "What?" roared the bailiff. "You mean to say, sir, that teetotalers are bad company?" "Well," rejoined the prisoner, "ye ken how 'twas. A had a haid mitchin o' whisky w' me, an' I had to drink it all to myself."—London Judy.

Made Her Carina.
Wrote of a Man (at the club)—I say, you fellows, my wife went off to see her mother lately, intending to stay for six weeks, but I brought her home in a hurry. Do you know what I did? I sent her a paper every day with a paragraph cut out, and she was so full of curiosity to know what local news I was keeping from her that she came home at the end of four days.

His Brief Pleasure.
Neighbor—How long did you stay at the club yesterday, Jones? Jones—Oh, the best part of the evening. Mrs. Jones—Why, John, you came home in half an hour! Jones—Well?—Cleveland Leader.

The Boss.
Crawford—Did his lawyer tell Menpek that he couldn't get a divorce? Crawshaw—No. His wife did.—Town Topics.

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Cardigan

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

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"They came for father to take Jack Mount. I ran out the back door, sir. Oh, hasten, hasten!" she wailed, looking at Mount and wringing her hands.

The big fellow stooped from his saddle and deliberately kissed her.

"Thank you, my dear," he said; "I'll come back for another before I die. An' now, Jimmie! I'm with you, Mr. Cardigan!"

"Turn those horses! Take their heads!" whispered Hattie. "There's one back way to every mess and half a dozen to this."

The next moment I had wheeled the chaise and four back into the darkness and around a rambling row of sheds and stables, following Hattie, then to the left, then a denouement to the right, which brought me up against a heavy backside. But already Hattie had set a creaking cart swinging loosely, and we bumped out into a cold blue deep in buttermilk.

"I'll keep the scratch wigs amused," whispered Hattie as I climbed to the forward seat and picked up my rifle, and away we jolted across the starlit pasture and out into a narrow twilight at cattle time, which we followed to the barn. These Shennel led down, popping back into the chaise like a jack of box, and Mount rose our luggage out into the dark boundary road.

Presently on a dark hillcock to our right I saw lighted windows glimmering among trees, and I called in a low voice to Mount and sprang noiselessly to the road. A lane led around the hillcock to the right. I followed this path I conducted the chaise and four until I found room to turn them back, facing the boundary road again. Here our chaise might be concealed from passing folk on the highway, and here I quietly bade Mount and Hattie await me, while Shennel held the horses' heads.

I passed silently along the lane, climbed the hillcock and entered the orchard. Through the dim trees I stole toward the house, where two windows on the ground floor were lighted up.

Then as I passed breathlessly against a tree in the distant gleam the fortress bell struck slowly eleven times.

Second after second passed, minutes followed minutes, and my eyes never left the closed door under the pillared porch. Far away in the fortress the bell struck the half hour, and on the west breeze came the dull cry of sentries calling from post to post under the summer stars.

Impatience was racking me now. I waited until I could wait no longer. Then in the shadow of the trellis vines I stole up to the porch. The hallway was empty. I stepped to the left, crossed it and surveyed the empty stairway and the gallery above. There was not a soul in sight. A door on my right stood open. I looked in, then entered the smaller of two rooms, which were partly separated from each other by folding doors.

Treading on the velvet carpet, I passed into the farther apartment, which by a little gallery and wicket door I knew to be the bathroom. I had already turned to re-enter the smaller room when I heard the front door close and voices sounding along the outer hallway. I stepped behind a gilt cabinet and drew my heavy knife, perfectly aware that I was trapped like a fox in a snap box.

Through the carved foliage of the cabinet I saw three people enter the room.

There they stood in low voiced consultation—Lady Shelton, my Lord Dunmore and my mortal enemy, Walter Butler. He turned toward Dunmore, with a gesture.

"Sir Timerson should find them to-night," he said. "Your thief taker, Hilly Hishop, is with them, I understand."

"They are to search every rebel rat-hole in town," cried Dunmore eagerly. "They should claw them ere dawn, Captain Butler!"

"If I am to conduct Miss Warren to Williamsburg," said Butler gloomily, "you had best see her without delay, my lord."

"Will you be pleased—to—to receive Miss Warren immediately?" asked Lady Shelton in a flutter of jolly excitement. "I have her closely watched wherever she takes a step. She has her boxes packed, the wilful child! And, she would have been gone these two hours had not Captain Butler's man caught my footman with a guilder!"

"I have a copy of her letter," squeaked Dunmore angrily. He turned nervously to Butler.

"You had best attend in the bathroom, Captain Butler. And, I can permeate her, I think, within the half hour!"

"I will send her to you," said Lady Shelton.

"And stay away until you're wanted," added Dunmore brutally.

Lady Shelton stared at him with frightened eyes. Then her little fat feet set themselves in motion, and she pattered hastily out of the room. The men exchanged glances.

"I'll be rid of that ruddled sack of lollypops now," observed Lord Dunmore complacently. "Will you take your turn, Captain Butler? No? Well, I owe thanks to Sir Timerson then."

But! There's some one on the stairs! Give me Jay, Captain Butler, and mind you keep closed eyes, you rascal!"

Butler gave him a contemptuous stare, then swung on his heel and, holding his thin hand on the hilt of his small sword, walked noiselessly into the dim bathroom.

I noted these things one by one, but my thoughts had flown upstairs to seek throughout this shameful house for the dear maid who had given her life to me.

Suddenly she appeared at the door, so suddenly that Lord Dunmore started with a suppressed squeal of surprise. As for me, I quivered in my lurking place and for a moment could scarce see her for the mist in my eyes.

At first sight of her head and traveling coat Lord Dunmore had cowered. Then, fascinated, he pretended to a trance and clasped his hands, rolling his rheumy eyes toward heaven. Seeing her face fall, however, he recovered quickly enough and stared at her from head to toe.

Through my whirling senses the awful truth broke like a living ray of fire. "Out of the middle!" I shouted. "She has taken another chaise. It's Butler's maid! Hide for her! Hide!"

It seemed hours, yet it was scarcely five minutes, ere the gatehouse lights broke out ahead, dots of dim yellow dancing through the dust. Now we were galloping straight into the eye of the great brass lantern set above the guardhouse. There came a far call in the darkness, a shadow crossed the lamplight glare, then I turned in my saddle and shouted, "Draw bridge!"

and our four horses came clashing in a lurch with a hollow volley of hoof beats.

"Houd closed for the night!" said a sentinel, walking toward us from the darkness ahead, cap, buckle and lantern glittering in the lamplight.

"A post chaise passed five minutes ahead of us," began Mount angrily.

"But, but, my good fellow," said the sentry. "That's none of your business. Back up there!"

"I wish to see Mr. Hewan," said I, scarce able to speak.

"Mr. Hewan's gone home to bed," said the soldier impatiently. "He passed that other post chaise at a gallop or it would have been here yet, I warrant you. Come, come, now! You know the law. Clear the road, now! Turn your leaders, postboy. Back up! I've heard!"

"I tell you I've got to pass!" I persisted.

"If you move I'll shoot!" he retorted. Then without turning his head he bawled out: "Ho, sergeant of the quarter guard! Post No. 7!"

"Drive over him!" I shouted, lashing at the horses. There was a jolt, an uproar, a rush of frantic horses, a bright flash and report. Then a wheel caught the soldier and pitched him reeling into the darkness.

"Look out!" called Mount from his front seat on the chaise. "The toll-gate's right ahead! There's a camp guard due there at midnight! Out with your coach lamps!"

Shennel jerked open each lantern and blew out the lights. Darkness hid even the horses from our sight.

"Out the pike!" cried Mount suddenly. "We save six miles by the old Williamsburg post road! Turn out! Turn out!"

Far ahead the tollgate lamp twinkled through the dust. I signaled to Hewan and dragged the horses into a trot, straining my eyes for the branch road we had seen that morning. I could see nothing.

"By heaven, the guard is gone! There's only a sentry there!" said Mount suddenly. "When I call, ride up to me. Hark for a whippoorwill!"

He vanished in the darkness. I waited, scarcely breathing.

"He won't kill him," whispered the Weasel. "You will see, Mr. Cardigan, how it's done. He'll get behind him—patience, patience—pat—there!"

A silken cry, suddenly choked, came out of the night.

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!" thrilled the whistling, breathless call across the meadow. The Weasel answered it, and we trotted on until a dark shape rose up in the road and caught at the leaders, drawing them to a standstill.

"Neither there!" said Mount, shoving the weapon into the chaise and galloping back to the horses. "Here's the post road. I'll guide you into it." And he started east through a wall of shadow.

"Where's the sentry?" whispered Hewan.

"In the ditch, with his coat tied over his head and my new hanker in his mouth!"

Mount halted the horses. Shennel struck dirt to tinder and came around to light the coach lamps. Under their kindling radiance a dusty road spread away in front of us. Mount unlocked a lighted coach lamp and went forward, holding the light close to the road surface. Several times he squinted to look close into the dust.

Presently he turned and ran back to us, set the lamp in its socket, locked the clump and sprang into his seat.

"They've taken the turnpike!" cried Mount cheerily. "We've got them by

half an hour or I'll eat my cap!"

Away we bolted, chaise swaying, lamps sweeping the dusty roadside bushes, and the gallop increased to a dead run as we whirled down an incline and out along a broad, flat, marshy road, where the jolting lamps flashed on the surface of a swift stream keeping pace with us through the night.

"We catch them where the pike swings south into this road," called Mount, but through the whistling wind I could barely hear him. Louder and louder blew the wind across the flats, shrieking in my ears; wetter and wetter grew the road, until the splash of the horses grew to a churning, trampling roar. Like a flash the stream turned across the road. The shallow water boiled under our rush a moment only—then into the wet road again, with the stream scurrying on our right.

"Get my ax loose from the boot, Shennel!" cried Mount. "Draw rein, Cade! Now, Mr. Cardigan!" And he leaped to the ground and ran splashing through the road, calling out for us to follow at a walk.

Suddenly our horses' hoofs sounded hollow on a wooden bridge; the muddy planks glimmered under the coach lamps, and, as he walked the horses over, far below us we heard the dull roar of water pouring through the solid rock. Now came the echoing cracks of Mount's ax, biting the supports of the bridge, and presently Shennel joined him, chopping like a demon.

"I'll have time if the bridge stands," said Hewan coolly. "Dunmore's horse will take our trail sooner or later, and we may have to wait an hour for the chaise we are chasing."

"Then, very gravely and pitifully, she told him that she did not love him, that she had given her love to another and that she could now only ask his forgiveness, yet never forgive herself for the wickedness she had so willfully practiced."

He stood listening in silence at first; then his faded eyes narrowed with fury, and in his own cheeks, under the rouge, a sickly color stained the flesh. The change in the man was frightful.

"I'll mean to throw me over for that wood running whelp Cardigan! He burst out. 'Oh, no, my lady, that cock won't fight, dy'e hear?'"

The startling consciousness of the outbreak brought Silver Heds to her feet in frightened astonishment.

"Pray—pray let me pass," she gasped, choking with fright.

He caught the door in his hand, closing it, and planted himself with his back against it. Then he furnished behind him for the key, but it was in the other side of the door.

"Oh, no, not yet," he said. "I must pass that door," repeated Silver Heds breathlessly.

"You shall not!" he cried. His voice ended in a shriek; the door behind him burst open, flinging him forward, and Black Betty appeared.

He stood looking at her with a stare, then his faded eyes narrowed with fury, and in his own cheeks, under the rouge, a sickly color stained the flesh. The change in the man was frightful.

"I'll mean to throw me over for that wood running whelp Cardigan! He burst out. 'Oh, no, my lady, that cock won't fight, dy'e hear?'"

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"Pray—pray let me pass," she gasped, choking with fright.

THE TIRED COWBIRD

DOWNRIGHT LAZY IS THIS BLACK MOBO OF THE ORIOLE TRIBE.

It builds No Nests of its Own, but Lays its Eggs in the Nests of other Birds and Never Troubles itself About Rearing its Young.

The cowbird was born so tired that if he could compel any other bird to gather his food for him he would do so, but he cannot, so he scratches about all day among the herds of cattle and sheep and goes to roost at night in great bands of hundreds of his relatives, always selecting a bushy tree, such as a cypress, for a night's perch.

All up and down the Mississippi river valley is the common summer home of these birds, for only in the depth of winter do they retreat to the warmer mesas of Mexico, whither most of the other birds have preceded them. In the spring following such a winter they are the first to return, filling all the new year air with their chatter and lining the barnyard trees.

You must not think that the glossy black and brown birds so plentiful around southern California barnyards during the winter months are cowbirds, for they are not. They are called "grackles" and are much more cross than blackbirds. You can find their nests, big, bulky affairs, in the orange and eypress trees of almost any of your ranch homes. There are many, many members to the blackbird family, the sweet voiced meadow larks and the gorgeous golden orioles as well as the more sober colored blackbirds and grackles, and of all these but one forces the hatching of her eggs and the feeding of her young on to another bird mother.

In England the cuckoo has this same habit, but the American cuckoo builds her nest and sits on her eggs as nicely as any robin or dove could do. Sometimes our road runner so far forgets herself as to lay her eggs in the nest of a quail or a meadow lark, but not often, but when she does the last upon whom Mrs. Wood Kinmer tries to impose generally breaks the strange egg or else goes away and leaves the nest alone. Then the field mice and the wood rats have a feast, to which sometimes the road runner comes herself, for she is very fond of eggs as long as they are not her own.

But the cowbird never makes any such poor job at that. She always selects the nest of some smaller bird—in regions where warblers are plentiful the home of one of these little singers is most frequently chosen—and there are many eggs as she thinks the owner of the nest will admit to be laid.

Sometimes the warbler goes right on incubating the intruder, but now and then the two old birds get together and dump the egg out on the ground. Nests have been found in which the warblers put a mud floor over the first nest and built another one on top of it, leaving their own eggs to rot because they know no other way to rid themselves of the cowbird.

If the cowbird comes back by the repaired nest she will put another egg in it, and generally this egg is hatched and raised by the foster pair on whom it has been forced.

It requires about ten or eleven days for the young cowbird to break the shell, while most other birds of its size are two or three days longer, and thus he has a good start on the other nestlings in point of growth. When hatched the cowbird is larger than the sparrow or the warbler and consequently gradually crowds them into the background, taking all the food that should belong to them. As they grow weaker from this he grows stronger, and it is not long until he has them all out of the nest and is sole master of the two old birds, who work cossetingly to satisfy his awful appetite.

In a very few days he gets too large for the little nest and goes out into the branches, where the old birds still continue to feed him in a way they never do their own young after they have left the nest. In Mexico and South America there is a cowbird that sometimes builds a nest of her own and sits upon and hatches her own eggs, but no such thing ever happens among the black hoes of the oriole family found farther north.

How many eggs a cowbird lays no one knows, but as many as seven have been found in one nest of the oven bird, a kind of thrush found in the western states. Usually, however, only one egg is laid in each nest, especially if the birds to whom the nest belongs are small and the nest too little to hold more than one of the cowbird's young in comfort. The parent cowbird never disturbs the eggs of any of the birds in whose nests she leaves her own, knowing full well that if she did so the nest builder would in all probability desert her home or throw the strange egg out. Oftentimes more than one cowbird lays in the same nest, and, as no two eggs of these birds are ever exactly alike in color, you may be sure that no cowbird knows her own egg half a minute after she has laid it.—Los Angeles Times.

Admiral Farragut was a very old fashioned sailor, with strong prejudice in favor of wooden ships," says Captain F. S. Hill in his "Twenty Years at Sea." The admiral had gained his victories in such ships and declared himself "too old a dog to learn new tricks." In the Mobile fight his flagship was the wooden ship Hartford, though he was urged to take the new ironclad Tecumseh. It was a noteworthy coincidence that the Tecumseh was the only vessel lost in the battle. She was sunk by a torpedo and went down with her captain and more than a hundred of her crew.

Every man has just as much vanity as he lacks understanding.—Pope.

We Could Not Suggest

A more appropriate X-mas gift than a pair of Dorothy Dodd Shoes for the ladies or a Walk-Over Shoe for the men.



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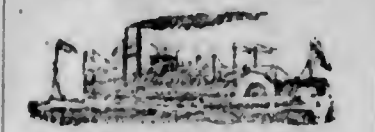
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horses overcome. Also all kinds

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New Phone 615

Use Shoffner's Sure Cure

The Great Tonic and Blood Purifier—Cures Indigestion

Dyspepsia and Catarrh.

It is a trite and true saying that the "blood is the life," where does the blood come from? Everybody knows, or should know, that it comes from the nutritive elements extracted by the organs from the food we eat. If the digestive organs do not perform their functions by reason of disease germs, there is no nutrition and the food might better be thrown in the dump to decay and rot, than to be taken into the system and remain in the stomach and intestines, putrid mass, as it naturally does if there is no digestive disease germ can live and find lodgment in a human body.

What People Say of the Shoffner's Sure Cure.

PARUCAH, Ky., March 5, 1903. This is to certify that I was a sufferer with indigestion for five years and could get no relief until I bought one bottle of Shoffner's Sure Cure, and it helped me so much that I took six bottles, and it has cured me sound and well, thanks to the Shoffner's Sure Cure.

Mrs. JOHN SMITH, 806 S. Third St.

If after using one bottle according to directions you are not

ated, your money will be refunded.



The Sun Has a Christmas Gift For the Ladies. Call at the Office and Get One Free.

The Sun has a beautiful Christmas present for its lady readers and will be pleased to give one to each lady caller.

We won't tell you what it is, but assure you it is well worth a call at The Sun office when you are down doing your shopping.

The Sun office is at 115 South Third street. Come around and see what we have for you.



OF RIVERS.

ence will come off the river in a few days ready to start for Louisville and Cincinnati, Louisville and Cincinnati, Louisville and Cincinnati.

er traffic will doubtless be resumed Thursday by the Dredge and other boats. The Dredge came into this port yesterday and is now being loaded today for a return trip to Paducah, leaving this afternoon. The Dredge will return about Wednesday next, and will, in all probability, make her initial trip up river for the season on the following day.—Nashville Banner.

The three steamers which were bought by Capt. B. F. Lester at New Orleans will leave in a day or two, and will be put in service as soon as they arrive. The steamers Red River and W. T. Scovel will be towed by the larger boat, the Electra, and for this reason it will probably take the three over two weeks to reach Paducah.—Nashville Banner.

Mr. J. P. McCarty has resigned as manager of the Ohio Valley Docks in Mechanicsburg, and Mr. Dan Keithly succeeds him. Mr. McCarty was one of the founders of the concern and recently with the other owners sold out to Capt. Dan Finney. He has several offers, one of which he will accept before the first of the year.

The Vicksburg Herald says: "Captain James Allen, who died a few days ago at his home in Victoria, Mo., piloted the steamer Big Hatchie on the Rio Grande at the time Gen. Taylor's army invaded Mexico at Matamoros. He steamed on the Mississippi river from St. Louis to New Orleans from the close of the Mexican war to the beginning of the Civil war, piloting the large freight boats of those times. He was a pilot with the late Capt. Frank Clayton on the steamer R. W. Hill, when the Confederates, under Gen. Polk, were transported across the Mississippi at the battle of Belmont, Mo., in 1861."

Capt. A. H. Dugan, who retired from the river and steamboat coal trade at the beginning of the year, has been in the business at Louisville since 1858.

The gauge today is 1.6, and standing, but a rise is now expected. There has been a rainfall, and it was general. News from Cincinnati is that the four months drouth is over and a big rise is anticipated. Unofficial reports were received today stating that there was a large stage at J. L. Dugan, but nothing definite will be known until tomorrow, as there were no government reports today.

The Charleston arrived from Tennessee river and returns tomorrow.

The Boh Dredge arrived last night from Nashville, and returns today or tomorrow, probably the latter. She has her flag at half mast and is draped in mourning for Capt. T. G. Ryman.

There are few boats in or out today, but a revival of navigation is expected by the last of the week.

Mr. C. C. Haynes, of Cairo, formerly of the Fowler-Crumbaugh, boat store here, arrived this morning to attend the funeral of Captain Joe Fowler.

DEATH IN COUNTY.

H. C. Shafer Dies After a Long Illness at His Home There.

Mr. H. C. Shafer, aged 54, a well known resident of the county, died yesterday from a complication, after a long illness. He was a native of New Albany, Ind., and came to Kentucky in 1885. He leaves a wife and six children, and a brother and sister in New Albany.

A Few Shingles Burned.

The Central and No. 1 fire departments were called to a cabin at 1056 Washington street Sunday at noon to extinguish a small blaze about the roof. The fire was put out without any damage except the burning of a few shingles.

COMFORTING WORDS.

Many a Paducah Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed; to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. To tell how this great change can be brought about will prove comforting words to hundreds of Paducah readers.

Mrs. George Romain, of 726 Tennessee street, says: "For three years my back was lame and ached severely, particularly under the shoulder blades, despite the use of medicine. I tried Doan's Kidney pills, getting them at Dullols, Kolb & Co's drug store. They are easy to take, they cure you without causing any annoyance, and if I can judge from my present condition, when they cure you stay cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

STRENUOUS LIFE

GRAVES COUNTY GIRL WIELDS HAMMER OR PAINT BRUSH.

She is Said to Be the Only Female Blacksmith On Record.

A correspondent writing to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat from Wingo, Ky., says:

Miss Clara Medlin of Pilot Oak, bears the distinction of being the only female blacksmith on record. Miss Medlin is a very handsome young lady, with a wealth of dark brown hair and a pair of bewitching brown eyes. She can shoe a horse or weld a tire as quick as any smith in this section, and as for neatness no other smith will dare to compete with her. She is also an expert carriage painter. This is really her specialty, she having painted over seventy huggies the past season. Notwithstanding all of this, Miss Medlin has not neglected to educate herself in the art of house-keeping, and especially in the art of cooking. She can go into the kitchen and in a few minutes prepare a meal that would tickle the palate of the most pronounced dyspeptic. As an all-around, useful girl, she can not be excelled anywhere in "Old Kentucky."

CARS DERAILLED.

And Created a Blockade of Street Cars Early Today.

This morning a blockade of street cars occurred at Ninth and Broadway when car No. 101 jumped the track when but three or four cars had reached down town. This occurred at 6 o'clock when the cars were coming out. All cars behind the No. 101 were held for more than an hour. Only two cars were on the depot line, up to 7:30 o'clock and but one on the Trimble line. The derailed car was placed on the tracks after a two hours' delay.

Rural Carrier Named.

Carl A. Ross has been appointed rural carrier for Kirksey, Calloway county, with Brown Ross as substitute.

Subscribe for The Sun.

The True Ideal.

The true ideal that should fill a man's heart and fire his energies is excellence in his own sphere, the living of his own particular life just as fully and nobly as he—not somebody else—can. True, this is an unknown quantity, but it is a real and attainable one. Day by day it is rising, and day by day a man may feel conscious of increased power. Whither it may lead him he cannot tell, but that by its guidance he will go farther and accomplish more than by any other he may rest assured. Attempting nothing impossible, he is doomed to no inevitable disappointment, nor is there any limit at which he may cease to strive.—Self Help.

A Pincapple Plantation.

The first operation in starting a pincapple plantation is to cut off the hammock growth and clear the area, though the stumps of the larger trees are left standing. The "slips," which are simply growths from the old plants, are usually put in with an appointed stick at the rate of 12,000 to the acre. The first crop matures in about eighteen months, and when three crops are secured, in as many years, the fields are abandoned for this culture, the surface again cleared and planted in tomatoes.

Facts About Breathing.

In the ordinary respiration of man 16 or 17 cubic inches of atmospheric air pass into the lungs 20 times a minute, or a cubic foot every 5 1/2 minutes—274 cubic feet in 24 hours. The lungs hold 280 cubic feet. At each respiration 1.375 of oxygen is converted into carbonic acid gas. The nitrogen inspired and expired is exactly equal. During the act of inspiration the lungs have been found to be the coolest parts of the body.

Easier to Manage.

Virginia—I have looked the matter over from all sides. Jack offers me a fortune and Harold nothing but his brains. Harold—I suppose you will take the one you love the best? Virginia—I have concluded that I can take better care of Jack's money than of Harold's brains.—New York Press.

In Legal Form.

Suitor—In suing for the hand of your daughter I feel that I am unworthy of her.—Lawyer—Enough; we are agreed. The case must stop. Your suit is dismissed.

Cheering News.

Willie—Papa is going to let you marry my sister. Featherstone—How do you know? Willie—He said after all it was better than nothing.

Engaged For Good.

Clara—Are you engaged to Douglas for good? Gertrude—It looks so. I don't think he'll ever be able to marry me.

Good For Stripping.

The weather of the past several days has been quite good for tobacco raisers, according to reports, and much stripping has been done. It is likely that the business will now begin picking up rapidly.

NEW TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

List of new subscribers added by the East Tennessee Telephone company today:

1778—Price, James, Residence, 1720 Broad.
834 m—House, Rev. T. H., Residence, Lone Oak, Ky.
1777—Leib, Prof. C. M., Residence, 1221 Jefferson.
1268 r—Payne, J. E., Grocery, H. R., No. 3.
1776—James, J. A., Residence, 1212 Tennessee.
296—Rivers, Dr. H. T., Residence, Seventh and Monroe.

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Newest and best hotel in the city. Rates \$2.00. Two large sample rooms. Bath rooms. Electric lights. The only centrally located hotel in the city. Commercial Patronage Solicited.

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VETERINARY HOSPITAL. Cor. Fourth and Ohio Sts. Both Phones 131. Paducah, Ky.

Heart Weakness.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure has made many hearts well after they have been pronounced hopeless. It has completely cured thousands, and will almost invariably cure or benefit every case of heart disease.

Short breath, pain around heart, palpitation, fluttering, dizzy, fainting and smothering spells should not be neglected. Take Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and see how quick you will be relieved.

It cannot make a new heart, but will restore a sick one by strengthening the heart nerves and muscles, relieving the unnatural strain, and restoring its vitality.

"I had a very bad case of heart trouble. For six months I could not work. Last July I was plowing corn and feeding and all day. In the afternoon in plowing one row I had to lay down, or fall down, three times. My heart throbbed as though it would burst through, and I had difficulty in getting my breath. I purchased a bottle of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and before I had used half of it I could lay down and sleep all night. Previously I had to get up from five to ten times a night. I have taken several bottles, and my heart is as regular as clock work. I feel like a new man, and can work comfortably for an old man, 54 years old."

H. D. McGILL, Frost, Ohio.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big 42 for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membrane, Pains, and not sufficient or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.50. Circular sent on request.